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Bought With a Price

BY CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY

For ye were bought with a price. 1 Corinthians 6:20a.

THE price paid for a thing is generally taken to be the estimate of its value. If this be so, then man is the most valuable thing in the universe, because of the price which was paid on the cross to redeem him. If Paul had been only a moralist, he might have said to these Corinthian Christians: "Keep yourselves from these sins, because they defile the mind, corrupt the body, and leave behind them a harvest of retribution, remorse, and self-loathing." But Paul did not say that, true though it is. What he said was this: "Avoid these sins because your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost. Ye are not your own. Ye have been bought with a price."

That phrase, "bought with a price," opens up for us grand avenues of thought, and all the great implications of the atonement come to our mind. If man is bought with a price, if Christ shed his blood to redeem him, then it follows that the body which has been made sacred by such a sacrifice ought not to defile itself with sin. If we are not our own, then we dare not live to ourselves, but must live unto him who died for us. Every Christian ought to be able to subscribe himself as Paul did in almost every one of his epistles, "Paul, the servant, the slave, of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Such, then, are the grand implications of the text. Today I take these words as a motto, rather than text. "Bought with a price." The words have been sounding in my mind in connection with Memorial day. The nation has been bought with a price. And what a price! To tell that price one would have to go clear back to those frail vessels tossing in the waves of the wintry Atlantic. Frail vessels, but with iron souls aboard them. To tell the price, one would have to tell the story of the struggles of the first pioneers with the austere climate, the hostile soil, and the savage aborigines. You never see a yardstick or a golf stick over a fireplace; but you have seen a sword, a rifle, or an axe, because they are symbols of the struggles and sacrifices of the past, the

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price paid by the pioneers who laid the foundation of the republic.

To tell the price paid, one would have to recount the story of the Revolution, those "times which tried men's souls," when the "summer soldier and the sunshine patriot" deserted the cause, but others remained faithful, and have today, as Thomas Paine predicted they would have, the thanks and gratitude of mankind.

"WHOSE NAME LIVETH FOREVERMORE"

But the celebration of Memorial day recalls in a particular way the price paid to redeem the nation on the bloody fields of the civil war, when the earth shook, and the sun was turned into darkness, and the moon into blood.

On a quiet May morning some years ago, I left the Virginia highway and made my way through the woods to the bluff on the south bank of the Potomac, where I had seen the flag of the nation waving over the tops of the trees. There, in the midst of the forest solitude, I came upon a lonely cemetery, the smallest of all our national cemeteries. Within the little enclosure sleeps the dust of fifteen soldiers who fell there in the all but forgotten battle of Ball's Bluff, October, 1861. The soldiers who led the attack belonged to the famous California regiment, composed, not of California troops, but of volunteers from Pennsylvania, and called the California regiment because it was commanded by Colonel Baker, the noble and eloquent senator from California, Lincoln's close friend, who fell mortally wounded at the head of his regiment.

As I stood there by those forgotten, unvisited, but not neglected graves of the men of the California regiment, with the vagrant spring wind sighing through the tops of the pine trees, and the Potomac flowing silently and rapidly away like the river of a man's life, my mind reverted to the almost million graves of those who fell in the same great conflict, some of them far beneath the waves of the ocean, or lost in the sands of the Mississippi and the Arkansas, in the woods of Shiloh and the solitudes of Chickamauga, in the pleasant meadows and uplands of Antietam and Gettysburg, in the tangled thickets of the Wilderness and the Peninsula, and in a thousand village cemeteries, east and west, north and south. On this commemorative day, with "cheers for the living and tears for the dead," we visit those multitudinous graves and think gratefully and with deep reverence of all those "whose bodies sleep in peace, but whose name liveth forevermore."

WAS THE SACRIFICE NECESSARY?

When the flag was fired on at Sumter, one of the first regiments which came pouring into Washington for the defense of the nation was the New York Fire Zouaves, under the command of a boyish colonel, Ellsworth. When a young lawyer in Chicago, Ellsworth had organized the Chicago Zouaves, and had given exhibitions of their stirring drill in the chief eastern cities. He had an acquaintance with Lincoln, and when the war broke out, the regiment which he had organized out of the men of the fire department of New York city was one of the first accepted for service. When Virginia finally seceded from the Union, President Lincoln had this regiment of Zouaves, together with the First Michigan Infantry, sent across the Potomac to Alexandria. From the White House, Lincoln and his household had been able to see through a glass the confederate flag flying over the Marshall house in Alexandria. As soon as Ellsworth reached the Virginia shore, he took a private with him, and entering the hotel, went to the roof and pulled down the flag. As he was descending, he was shot and killed by the proprietor of the hotel. This was the first casualty of the war on the soil of the seceded state and produced a thrill in the north second only to the firing on the flag at Sumter and the attack of the mob on the Sixth Massachusetts as it passed through Baltimore. The young officer's funeral was held in the east room of the White House. As Lincoln gazed on the lifeless features, he seemed to have a vision of what was to follow in the years to come, for he exclaimed, "My boy! My boy! was it necessary this sacrifice should be made?"

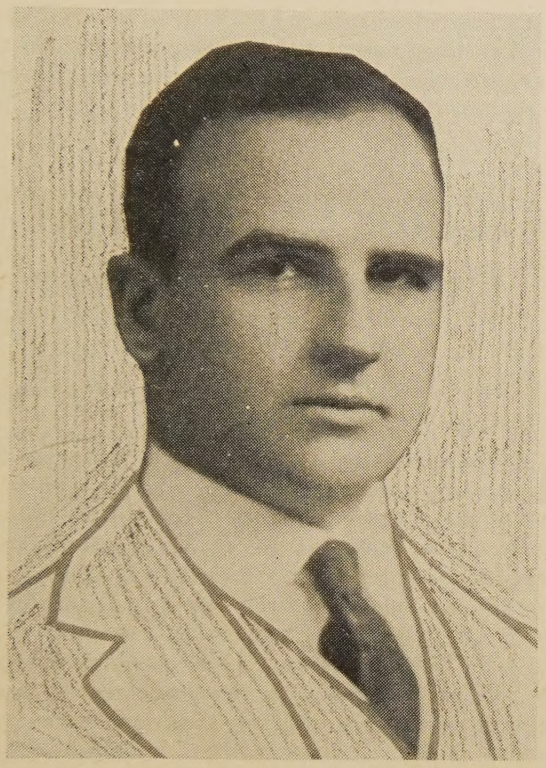
This attractive young colonel, over whose dead body Lincoln uttered that sigh of present and anticipated sorrow, was only the first fruits of a crimson harvest of the youth and manhood of the nation which the naked arm of war was to garner, ere the nation's unity had been vindicated and peace established. By the time the May flowers of 1865 were smiling peace upon the wounded nation, almost a million young men were on record as having followed in the footsteps of Ellsworth.

ARMAGEDDON

The titanic struggle of the world war, and the immense effort put forth by the United States in that bloody Armageddon has led uninformed persons to think that the civil war was but a small dust in the balance compared with the mighty shock of arms which involved the whole world. But this is an altogether mistaken idea. The few old men who honor us on Memorial day in their uniform of heaven's blue are the living monuments to one of the greatest military efforts ever put forth by any nation.

During the world war the United States put under arms about four million men, out of a population of one hundred millions. The total death list was seventy thousand. Against this stands the effort of the nation in the civil war, when the total enlistments in the north, out of a population of 22,443,790, were 1,700,000. In the north the death list was 359,528. This does not include the number of those who were discharged from the army and died at home of wounds or exposure or disease contracted on the field of duty. The historians of the civil war estimate the total death list of the north to have been 500,000. Taking the north and south together, with forty-five per cent of the military population of the north under arms, and ninety per cent of the military population of the south under arms, we find that out of a total population of 27,443,790, not including 3,500,000 slaves, 2,600,000 entered the ranks of the two armies. In the world war, 6,000 men from Allegheny county were under arms; in the civil war, 35,000. The death list for Pennsylvania in the world war was 7,898; but in the civil war, 33,183. In the world war, the casualties for Allegheny county were 1,527; but in the civil war, 4,000.

These figures are sufficient to remind us that, measured by any standard, the civil war was a great struggle, and no past war, and no future war can cast it in the shade or dim its significance. Not Lincoln himself, when he looked into the face of the fallen Ellsworth, nor any one in the whole nation, north or south, could have imagined that the victims claimed by the war then just commencing would total almost a million. The question asked by Lincoln at the beginning of the war is one that has been asked over and over again, and will yet be asked by the student of the future: "My boy! My boy! was it necessary this sacrifice should be made?"



CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY

Some students of the past say it was not necessary; that time, and patience and wiser statesmanship would have saved the Union and abolished slavery without that tremendous price of almost a million lives. Other nations abolished slavery without a social and political cataclysm. But far the greater number will agree that the civil war was what Seward, long before it took place, described it, an "irrepressible conflict," and that the question of the right of a state to break up the Federal Union, associated as that question was with the root question of slavery, could never have been decided except by the stern arbitrament of the sword. John Brown, when he was hanged, predicted that the sins of the "guilty nation would never be washed away except by the shedding of blood"; and gradually that conviction, at first scorned and repudiated, became the conviction of the people, which conviction found immortal expression in the words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural:

> The Almighty hath his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both north and south this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that the mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

THE PRICE NOT PAID IN VAIN

Yes, a price and a fearful price was paid. "The mystic chords of memory," stretching from every battlefield and every patriot's grave, today swell the chorus of the Union, as Lincoln, in the closing sentence of his First Inaugural, predicted they would. But those mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and every patriot's grave, are also vocal with the music of sacrifice and death. They tell us that we have been redeemed with a price. What I wish to bring home to your conscience and heart today is that the price was not paid in vain. It was a great price by which the nation was saved and the republic maintained. But the price was not too high. The preservation of the nation was worth all the blood that was shed in the struggles of the civil war.

It was worth the price. Today we are suffering from an overdose of self-abuse and self-depreciation. The time was when our commencement speeches and our Fourth of July orations reverberated with unrestrained and unbounded self-adulation and congratulation. Anything American was the greatest of its kind under the sun. That unlicensed self-praise was not altogether good. But it was not nearly so bad as what we have now, unrestrained and unbounded self-abuse and self-depreciation. Our universities and schools are all failures, we are told, and are turning out a race of clever barbarians. Our churches have lost their message, their influence, and their righteousness. Our state and city executives are thieves and crooks, and our great cities are dominated by gangsters and criminals. Our judges have stained the ermine of their high office with bribery. Our young men and young women are all equipped with liquor flasks. Our business, economic, and social structure has collapsed, never to recover again, and we are heading straight for the dismal gulf of communism and revolution. If you are an old man, or an old woman, be glad of it, for then you will not live to see the tribulations of those days.

This is a libel against the nation. It is a libel on the heroic dead and on the honorable living. This nation was bought with a price, and that price was not paid in vain. The sacrifice bore its fruit then, and bears it now, in a nation, which, with all its faults, and with all its sins and shortcomings, is nevertheless a nation in which, even in the present day of distress and industrial and business paralysis, the average citizen has a degree of personal freedom of action and material comfort and

well-being, not to be matched, nor even remotely approached, in any other nation on the face of the earth. Poverty? hard times? We know nothing about poverty. Wait till you see Spain, Greece, Syria, Egypt, China.

That there is much selfishness and disregard for the rights and well-being of others, that there are many who live according to the creed of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—and deep will be their damnation—we do not deny. But that is not the whole story. Never in the history of the nation, or of the world, has there been such an exhibition of the sense of social obligation, such a response to the appeal of others' need, such an outpouring of generosity as we have seen in this country during this period of distress and unemployment. Men speak with anxiety about the future. What shall we do? they ask. Do? We will do what the nation has always done in the past: We will meet the crisis with courage, with patience, with faith in the country, and with faith in God. The nation will prove again, as it has proved in the past, that it is worthy of the blood which was shed to found it and to preserve it.

The worship of pleasure, the worship of the creature rather than the Creator, has undoubtedly swept many away from the house of God. But not everyone has forgotten that there is a God, or that there is a hereafter, and that no truly strong and happy life can be lived without regard for the laws of God and without taking into consideration the life which is to come. There are still more than 7,000 who have not bowed, and will not bow, the knee to Baal, whether it be the Baal of pleasure, of sensuality and licentiousness, or of unbelief in religion.

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC

There may be those who believe that the nation is rotten at the heart, and that her day is now approaching the sunset. But there are thousands upon thousands of others who do not share that opinion. We are not all atheists, we are not all gangsters, we are not all bootleggers or patronizers of bootleggers. There are still those who do not believe that this nation "is going to the dogs," and they will not stand idly by and witness its dissolution and engulfment. They believe that something great and good was done when the nation was founded, and when the nation was preserved in the bloody Armageddon of the civil war. They believe that the nation is the custodian of great treasures for all people, and that, as not without a price these treasures were handed down to us, so there are not a few left who are willing to pay the price again for safeguarding these treasures and handing them down, undiminished and undefiled, to succeeding generations.

In a shop window I saw recently a poster of the Pittsburgh chamber of commerce. It displayed Uncle Sam in characteristic pose, with his chin protruding, his sleeves rolled up, and ready for business. Underneath was the legend: "Keep your feet on the ground. Have faith in yourself. Have faith in your country." So far, so good. But the great thing was left out—faith in God. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." In every great national crisis, a revival of faith in God has been the secret of national vigor and national recovery. It will not be different in the present crisis. He who is true to his church and walks humbly with his God is the true patriot, the nation's most important executive, legislator, workman or capitalist.

Yes, the nation was bought with a price. It was worth the price. The republic will prove again, as it has done in the past, that not for nothing was the price paid. It is more than the mere continuance of a political fabric, about which we are thinking. Something greater and grander than that. It is our conviction that the American republic, established and maintained at so great a price of courage and faith, endurance and blood, is still to have a part, and an important part, in that great plan which Omnipotence is working out through the ages for the good of mankind and the glory of God.

Your Friend, the Unknown Soldier

By Fred W. Field

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. John 15:13.

A FEW months ago I made a visit to Arlington Memorial cemetery and while there lingered at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Memories of my own war experience came back to me. I too, had lost many comrades, many friends in the world war. Perhaps the form here entombed in marble was actually one of my friends with whom I had served. So, I speak about our friend, the unknown soldier. You may not have known him personally, but you do not doubt that he was a friend of yours, do you? How then do you treat your friends? Most of us are indebted for much that we have to the world's unknown soldiers, and mankind's unknown friends. We have many of them, and are more deeply in their debt than we are aware. I believe that the unknown soldier was a friend of yours. This friendship involves some things of which we stand in need of remembrance. First, you do not turn your back upon your friend; second, you do not spurn the ideals of your friend; third, you attempt to further the sacrifice of your friend.

Some of us knew this unknown friend very well. We know the great and glorious qualities that were his. We know his weaknesses also. We know one thing in particular about him: we know that he met the test of death without adequate preparation, except perhaps in spirit. That spirit was handed down to him by his forbears—that indomitable pioneer spirit, rejoicing greatly in true freedom. That spirit which led him out to where he now lies, 'tis now in our keeping. All society is indebted to the spirit exemplified by life's unknown soldiers. Their name is legion—the long roll of unknown heroes, soldiers of war and of peace, mothers, sisters, husbands, wives, young men and maidens. The roll includes all who have given their all for the ultimate realties of life, whether they lie in Arlington, in an

unmarked grave in Flanders, or on the side of a hill back of a farm, or in some little churchyard grave.

Why is Arlington cemetery, with its unknown soldier's tomb, a place of pilgrimage and a national shrine? Is it not because that tomb represents all the best that beats in a nation's heart? It is a shrine because its marble eloquence speaks to us of sacrifice. No matter how grasping and greedy and materialistic we may appear to be, ultimately the world pays its homage to the spirit of sacrifice represented there. People do not go out of their way to view the over-elaborate dwellings of men who merely made their millions. If they do, they have not the same deep and fine emotions. The songs of a nation do not honor them. The poetry of a people does not sing of those whose business in life has been that of selfish getting. A nation's fairy tales and folk lore and hero stories have never been built around a human hog. All these deepest expressions and admirations of our hearts are called forth only by those who gave the last full measure of devotion. Thus true sacrifice is ultimately, in the best sense, popular.

MARBLE MONUMENTS NOT ENOUGH

It is a distinctly refreshing mark of our own time that we discern the nameless hero; that we honor the common and unsung, that we enshrine the thankless sacrifice upon which this nation has been built. This is not a minimizing of genius and leadership. Of course we are dependent upon these qualities. We must have men and women of outstanding ability and achievement to lead us to nobler heights—for a nation never rises higher than its leadership. Even so, we show our wisdom and common sense when we honor the qualities of the unknown soldier whether in war or peace. We then give evidence of our realization that the qualities of our institutions and the realization of our dreams depend upon many of life's unknowns. The unknown of Arlington served his day, and paid with his life, without hope of glory or reward. And it is such loyalty shining brightly in the soul of man that makes progress possible, that lights our future with a bright and unconquerable hope. Perhaps a new and better day is dawning, when we shall reserve the highest honors for those whose life and actions are relatively unknown. All that we know about the one buried under this tomb in Arlington is that he was a man, a soldier, ready to give his life for his friends.

May I suggest, however, that our monuments are not sufficient. I wonder whether a white cross or a place upon some enduring honor roll is ever quite adequate to compensate for all that sacrifice of agony and blood. All war memorials ought to be altars where we pray; sacred shrines to which we make our pilgrimage and allow our souls to be bathed in the memory of duty nobly done—of sacrifice made without hope of reward or recognition. Then, looking out afresh upon the world with eyes thus cleansed, we may see our own duty a little plainer and the goal of life a little nearer because some have thus helped to thrust the world a hair's-breadth nearer the dawn. Thus we may be inspired to align ourselves with those whose deeds are imperishable. They wrote with their lives the gospel of self-sacrifice, which has endeared them to the hearts of true people everywhere. Let us say while standing on such holy ground:

> Not vain your sacrifice; not lost your work.
> The world's free heart beats high because of you.

The unknown soldier has a message for our age. If we are very quiet and thoughtful the voices of the unknown dead will bear us a message. The message will be intensified and clarified by their sacrifice which thrust them forth into a new life. They have seen what we cannot see; they have heard what we cannot hear. They see things more clearly now from the other side of our grasping material life. Surely, their voices with one accord would say to us: "Carry on, until all the

Fred W. Field

ideals hidden in the very heat and heart of the carnage shall be realized. Carry on until every man, woman and child shall have entered into the heritage that God intended for all—a free and unfettered opportunity to live life abundantly according to our highest ideals."

They will have a word to say about brotherhood. It is one of the favorite words of our Christian religion; but perhaps in many cases, it is only a word. These unknown soldiers learned something about that before they died. They saw blood of Frenchman, German, Italian, Canadian, American and Briton; and all of it was red. They saw blood of generals, colonels, majors and captains, and much, very much of the blood of common soldiers; and it too was all red. Blood of aristocrats and blood of the poor and humble—all red. They see so much more clearly now, since the peace and the brotherhood for which they died is so long delayed. From their superior position they know so much better than we why tarrieth such a noble dream. So they will say, our friends the unknown soldiers: "Brotherhood

ought to be more than a pious phrase, spoken unctuously alike by Christian, and patriot, and pacifist—but it will remain only a pious sentiment, unless we plan for it and work for it, live for it, and if needs be, die for it. They know that better than we know it. They know that both the origins and effects of war run deep to the sources and mainsprings of human society; its needs, wants and ambitions. If we listen very attentively, we may catch the whisper of their dying voice: "Only the pure and sincere in heart may see God—and brotherhood."

From their point of superior vantage they saw a recent gesture of brotherhood. They beheld an immense wreath—'twas very costly, both in dollars and blood. It was made by wounded and disabled world war veterans; a fact to bring stinging tears, if we are not too blasé for tears. Before sailing for France two years ago, Commander Howard Savage, accompanied by national dignitaries, placed just half of the costly wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier in Arlington. The other half was carried by Commander Savage to France to be placed on the tomb of the unknown French soldier. Thus we gave a tender assurance of the bond of blood and brotherhood existing between doughboy and poilu—in memory indissolubly bound. I wonder if the spirits of the unknown soldiers, which see so clearly, saw that. If so, did they wonder what it meant, compared with all else they see? They now see more of suspicion, distrust, cynicism. They note the growing criticism and the failure to achieve cooperation.

TO WHAT FORCES SHALL WE LISTEN?

No message for the commemoration of Memorial or Armistice day would be complete that lacks insistence upon every effort being made toward the speedy establishment of conditions that will guarantee peace on earth and good will among men. So the question is very pertinent on each recurring celebration of these days of memory: to which voices shall we listen? Are we to be led, either in America or elsewhere, by the cynics and the timorous, by the little parochial patriots, and the cautiously partisan politicians? Shall we be swayed by the booming voice of the out and out militarist, by the legionnaires of the noisier type? The attention of youth is needed here. The youth of several years ago were not afraid to fight; even with guns and rifles, with bayonets and bombs, in defense of what was to them an ideal. It was not their mistake or their shame that today their ideal may be in question. Are the youth of today afraid to fight with words and Christian ideas and ideals?

From their graves and their tombs and monuments, on this Memorial day, let the dead be heard; and let all others who paid no part of the price, be dumb. War profiteers and jingo artists and food hoarders, men with idle talk about the impossibility of a warless world; men who would commercialize every sacred emotion and sentiment of man; who would plunge the nation into war to protect their gold, who would exploit and debauch the flower of a nation's youth in order that they might live in ease and luxury. Let them all be dumb until they understand the colossal cost of war in terms of human blood and anguish. Let them be silent until they are able to understand the glorious giving of those who counted not their lives dear unto them, but gave them at their country's call. Hear them. They would tell us, I believe, that these profiteers and materialists are the people we must fight; that their sordid philosophy of life is the one that must be opposed and defeated. It is such philosophies as theirs that breed war. Could the voices of the unknown dead but speak to us, and had we but ears to hear their message, they would remind us that their work is far from finished, and they would urge us to

> Carry on! Carry on!
> Fight the good fight and true.
> Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer
> There's big work to do, that's why you are here.
>
> Carry on! Carry on!
> Let the world be the better for you.
> And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
> Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

Why Christianity Lives

By John J. Castleberry

Never man spake like this man. John 7:46.

THE Christian movement did not have an impressive beginning. Its leader a Galilean carpenter. Its followers gathered here and there from the ranks of the poor. Three years of itinerant preaching in a remote and vassal state. Finally death on a Roman cross and burial in a borrowed tomb. Yet, strangely enough, from this humble setting a new creative force was released which has affected profoundly the course of history. Taking root in its native soil the movement spread quickly into Asia Minor and the Mediterranean world. In a few generations it conquered the empire of the Caesars. And today, in less than 2,000 years, it girdles the globe.

Now what is the secret of this amazing story? What does Christianity stand for that marks it off and differentiates it from every other religious philosophy? In a word, what is its unique appeal to men's hearts, and why its everlastingness? Certainly not its credo of one God—others before had glimpsed this sublime truth. Not its ethical and social outlook—others, notably the Hebrew prophets, had proclaimed these ideals with burning words. Not even its doctrine of immortality—others before and since have cherished this belief in a future life. No, the distinctive emphasis in Christian teaching lies in quite other directions. And here, let me say, I am little concerned with conventional Christianity. Few of us these days find it easy to defend the obscurantism often associated with our holy religion. I am thinking rather of Christianity as it was conceived and lived by its great Founder. Obviously in the message of Jesus there is something cosmic, vital, and perennially refreshing. "Never man spake like this man" was acknowledged by his contemporaries, and it is likewise the verdict of the ages.

Our Lord stood definitely for three great original truths, and in these truths we discover his unique contribution to the spiritual thought currents of the world.

The fundamental difference between religions lies in the place where each religion finds certainty. Here is our quarrel with non-theistic humanism. It has not yet worked out its certainties. Dreaming of a humane and livable world it offers no norm of perfection; everything is relative. And even among theistic religions there is wide divergence at this point. Some, like Mohammedanism, ground this certainty in the sovereignty of God, and others again in his moral character. But Jesus probed deeper still and discovered at the center of the universe a parent-like God. To him God is infinitely more than a ruler—powerful, wise and just. He is a Father—a Father who loves and suffers and helps. And upon this basic certainty the Great Teacher built his whole philosophy of redemption and life.

I. THE PARENT HEART OF GOD

This idea of a parent-like God was a profound intuition with our Lord, and it emerged quite early in his thinking. At twelve in the temple he declared, "I must be about my Father's business." Later at his baptism he sensed a voice saying, "My beloved son." Again and again he described God's relation to us as that of a father to his children. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Indeed it may be said that Jesus possessed this parent heart himself. Having no family of his own, yet how truly he loved all people as his children! In the case of the Prodigal Son, he was himself the anxious and waiting father; and in his crucifixion we behold this story enacted in real life. How often we hear him saying: "My child," "My children," and "My little ones." Thus with the parent impulse surging in his own breast Jesus discerned in it a reflection of the Father heart of God, and this became thereafter a fundamental postulate of the new religion.

"Is the universe friendly?" asked a bewildered traveler some years ago addressing the Sphinx in Egypt. This question has haunted many of us as we have confronted the inevitables of life. Well, Christ solves the problem for us—and with finality. He puts the parent heart at the center of things. And if at the center of things is love—the Father love of God—then the universe is inevitably friendly and means well. Jesus felt that this divine love can be relied upon in every human crisis and need. Hence he went through life wholly without fear or worry; meeting each day's issues with calm serenity as if enfolded in the everlasting arms. "Behold the fowls of the air. They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

Ah, yes, our Lord tested this doctrine to the utmost, and it never failed him. He knew unrequited friendship and base betrayal, but neither disappointment nor anguish crushed his imperial soul. He faced Gethsemane believing still that he could trust this Love Eternal. "Father, not my will but thine be done." And while they were putting him to death on Golgotha he cried: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He would even die for his faith in the Father love of God. "Our Father." Here is the key that unlocks the dark mysteries of the universe—mysteries that so long have engulfed and baffled us. And, too, such confident trust as we witness in Jesus Christ becomes the base line of true Christian living today.

II. REVERENCE FOR PERSONALITY

Jesus has been called the first great democrat, and so he was. If he believed in God and trusted his Father heart, he also believed in man and trusted the better angels of his nature. "Alone in all history," declared Emerson, "he estimated the greatness of man." Read again our Lord's sermons and parables—the Sermon on the Mount, the Good Samaritan, the Last Judgment—and in all these notable utterances man is

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exalted. "How much then is man of more value than a sheep," he exclaimed one day. Surely this was more than a passing compliment or an outburst of sentiment. It marks a major emphasis in Christianity as interpreted by its leader.

I grant there is much to restrain our enthusiasm as regards human worth. Man at his worst is bad, tragically bad, and not a few in every age choose to live at their worst. History is aflame with man's perfidy and shame. The world is battle-scarred and blood-soaked, and it would seem that our race has done little else but hate and kill. Even in our personal relationships most of us have suffered from the selfishness, and sometimes the downright treachery, of our fellow mortals. Not wholly without excuse, therefore, does an American cynic describe man as "a disease of the cosmos, the reductio ad absurdum of animated nature." But, even so, Christ sees the best in man, appeals to that best, and builds upon it. To him nothing is so sacred, or so fraught with high possibility, as human nature. He insisted that

institutions are for man and not man for institutions, and he threw the weight of his great influence on the side of the poor and weak and suffering. A little child commanded his affectionate respect. "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Say what you will about the shortcomings of Christianity, yet on the whole it is man's best friend. It has championed his rights, crying out against slavery and injustice. It has even dared to dream of a new social order—a "new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Where, pray, save in lands touched by the spirit of Jesus Christ has democracy triumphed, education been popularized, or serious attempts been made to stamp out disease and poverty? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I am convinced that in these times there is a swing back to our Lord's high appraisement of personality. We witness among thinking people everywhere a growing tendency to exalt human values. For example, men are ashamed of war and apologize for it. Why? Because, whatever its pretext, war is a crime against humanity. And, too, multitudes are outraged by a social system which enriches a few while millions walk the streets in hunger. Such a system dwarfs personality, and herein lies its sin. And at last, thank God, the exploitation of children has ended. This act of our government gives dramatic climax to the pent-up resentment which long has slumbered in the hearts of good people. Recent excavations of ancient Carthage have brought some startling revelations. About 1,200 earthen jars were uncovered, arranged in orderly rows, containing the charred bones of babies—doubtless sacrifices to Moloch or Baal. But the leaven of Christian idealism has been working and childhood is finally coming into its own.

Now it is upon this Christian conviction of human worth—reverence for personality—that we build our hope of the life everlasting. Quite true, man dies physically as the animal dies. But there is something in man different, and it makes him different, from the lower creation. He is a spiritual being, and this changes the whole outlook. When I see man at his best—flowering forth in a Moses, a Socrates, or a Jesus—then I say he ought to live on. And because he ought, he will. It is inconceivable that the universe would produce such a superb being and then suddenly strike him down, thrusting him into eternal oblivion. With John Fiske "I believe in the immortality of the soul as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust.
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die,
> And Thou hast made him—Thou art just!

III. SELF-REALIZATION THROUGH THE CROSS

You recall that word of Jesus, perhaps the profoundest and most incisive thing he ever said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." The Master is talking here about the cross—his cross and ours—the cross as an actual experience in human life. It is the doctrine of self-realization through self-giving.

I hold no illusions about the cross as a material thing; whether it be the cross that was lifted high on Calvary or the cross we carve on our altars and wear on pious breasts. Certainly such a cross works no miracles, either physical or moral. There is no hocus-pocus about it. It is not a charm to keep away evil spirits, nor can it be substituted for righteous living. The cross rightly understood is a symbol—and a glorious symbol indeed! It stands for a great deep principle. It voices the fundamental law of the universe. It says that the only way to win is to forget self—to crucify and destroy self. But it also tells us that "men rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

JESUS' LAW OF LIFE

So far as I know, Christ is the only teacher in history who has seized upon this truth and formulated it into a law of life. And more, he showed that it works; demonstrating it by a supreme act of self-giving for others. Indeed it was by this very sacrifice of all that life held dear—this surrender to the higher good of mankind—that our Lord has won the most exalted place on our planet. As St. Paul reminds us, "he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." Let us not forget, then, that Christianity is the religion of the cross, and the only religion of the cross the world has known. But it is also, and by the same token, the religion of self-realization.

> O Cross that liftest up my head,
> I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
> I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red
> Life that shall endless be.

In Euripides' drama, Artemis, the beautiful goddess, comes to comfort Hippolytus, her lover, in his death hour. Witnessing his final struggle for life, she hastily quits herself of his presence, saying:

> Farewell! I may not watch man's fleeting breath
> Nor strain mine eyes with the effluence of death.
> And sure that Terror is now very near.

Hippolytus, with the death stare in his eyes, replies feebly:

> Farewell, farewell, most Blessed!
> Lift thee clear of soiling man! Thou wilt not grieve in heaven
> For my long love!

As Artemis hurries away from this devoted worshiper—because, forsooth, no divinity on Olympus dare look upon a dying mortal—one cannot help thinking of another scene on a little hill outside Jerusalem. There the God-Man with outstretched arms embraced a cross, giving his all in bitter pain and death for humanity. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed." Now you understand why Greek religion long since perished and Christianity lives!

The Parent heart of God. Reverence for personality. Self-realization through the cross. These are the transcendent truths in the philosophy of Jesus Christ. They are the guiding stars for all aspiring souls, and describe our unique Christian heritage forever.

A Sermon to Young People

By Phillips Endecott Osgood

Be not afraid of that which is high. (Adapted from Ecclesiastes.)

SHERLOCK Holmes was once told a bit of poetry. He said he should straightway do his best to forget it because it could never be of the slightest use to him in his profession. Auguste Comte, the humanist, advised his pupils never to study astronomy, since no useful command could be extracted from it how men should best order their lives.

I. A PRACTICAL AGE

Ours is a so-called practical civilization and age. This western society of ours bears down hard on the concrete and utilitarian. It idolizes the salty "commonsense" which "gets down to brass tacks." The pressure on any student of life is toward efficient technique, toward the "hard fact" which excludes any fact of the mystic, supersensory realm. Under the stress of economic and social compulsions, the imponderables are having a hard time. Idealism is none too fashionable. The cultural interests suffer. Liberal education shrinks and the trade school grows. Efficiency of materialistic ability is so grimly necessary that there seems to be little realization of the necessity of the nobilities.

In a strikers' parade not long ago the marching mill-girls carried a banner with the words, "We want bread, but we want roses, too." Oh, if the whole generation to which we belong would only make that an unanimous demand! Sometimes, as in the present moment of strained endeavor to provide even bread, the roses are well nigh forgotten. Art and music and scholarship are easiest dispensed with by the impoverished. All the time our machine civilization steps up the pace and skill of its artisans, it is likewise creating a leisure for which enjoyment of "art for art's sake" is the only justification. Are we going to know what to do with leisure hours when we get them? What is happening to rose culture? Who wants our civilization to wear a face such as that described by Emily Dickinson:

> A face devoid of love or grace,
> A hateful, hard, successful face,
> A face with which a stone
> Would feel as thoroughly at ease
> As were they old acquaintances
> First time together thrown.

There are easy and meager ideals of education. They are all plausibly camouflaged by the term "practical." They give one ability but no selfhood to use it. They mean business, but business only. They deal with immediate, surface existence. They work under forced draught to give the *trainee* a glib, assured, even aggressive facility. Their standards of personality are too well confessed in the advertised ten-lesson-by-correspondence courses guaranteed to make the errand-boy able to walk into the directors' meeting and sweep them off their feet with his magnetic presentation of a simple gadget of which they had never thought, or to enable the wall-flower to step to the piano and be the "life of the party," after five minutes a day for five days. The vigorous chorus which chants for hard-boiled actualities drowns out any still small voice of self-refinement, except for the hungry-souled who listens in the moments when breathlessness silences the raucous roar. The steam-riveter sounds a very tiresome c-major keynote for an era. Like fire, efficiency is a poor master, however a good slave. What is the *person* who uses it? To put I.Q. and A.Q. into the unmotivated, unenriched individual is to make him doubly dangerous. It is not education only to provide skills, however necessary skills may be. Education must educe the person or it has failed. And this is just as true of the education by public opinion in the School of Hard Knocks as it is of that found within classroom walls. Higher education ought to be Ever-Higher!

Our young people come into a world we older ones have largely made according to our own standards. It is our world into which they come. The problems the young people will have to solve are either of our making or our leaving. Our ideals are their criteria. Their reactions to what we bequeath them are our judgment. It is fearful to be so fearful they will find our idealism lacking. God grant they may not succumb to the delusion of disillusion! We tremble for fear they may also come to act upon the principles our corporate life, if not our preachments, have too much manifested. O young people, don't, don't, don't get acrophobia!

II. ACROPHOBIA

Acrophobia? The psychiatrists have ponderous names for the sundry phobias to which the cowardly mind is liable. Agoraphobia, the fear of open spaces; claustrophobia, the fear of being shut in; acrophobia, the fear of heights! All phobias are cowardices, and so is the acrophobia which is not mere terror of climbing high towers but the worse fear of high ideals. Acrophobia afflicts the timid souls who dare not undertake ideal ideals because they are so hard. Easier ideals are so much more suited to the lazy character. The average is all the lethargic individual demands of himself. "What other people do" is his maximum. No hitching of his wagon to a star; a tractor is good enough for him. He never prays, "O lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Instead he objects, as I heard of one valley-dweller doing, at having his eyes "continually pulled up off the level by them mountains!" He would not love the psalm which begins, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills; from whence cometh my help." He makes fun of the mystic, averring that the mystic chases a will-o-the-wisp and ends in the bog for his pains. But his scorn of romance, faith, absolute hopes and ideals is acrophobia, a cowardice which deceives himself most of all by its defense reaction of hard-boiled, brass tacks, bread-alone, sub-personalism.

May our young people, and all the rest of us, refuse to be content with "truck-farming on little tracts of the definite." It is no education worth the name to walk into an existence wet with the spatter of once-iridescent but now pricked bubbles and exult. The educational process, whether in college or in the university of ex-

perience, ought not to include the subjects the Mock Turtle detailed for Alice as his erstwhile curriculum—Reeling and Writhing, Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision. Growth in knowledge does not necessarily bring us to the point when a midnight gong strikes for a Cinderella and all the gleaming glories and joyous beauty dissolve and the crystal coach with its caparisoned palfreys turns to a pumpkin drawn awry by harnessed rats. Who really believes he has found the greatest truth if his progress has been akin to that of the old Scot who chuckled, "I was brought up on the Shorter Catechism and porridge. I dinna haud any longer by the Catechism, but I havena lost ma faith in porridge"?

The Prune Exchange Bank
Refused my account
Because I tried to deposit
A dew-spangled cobweb
And a post-dated sunset,

writes Christopher Morley. Do you and I also refuse that account? From a kind of acrophobia?

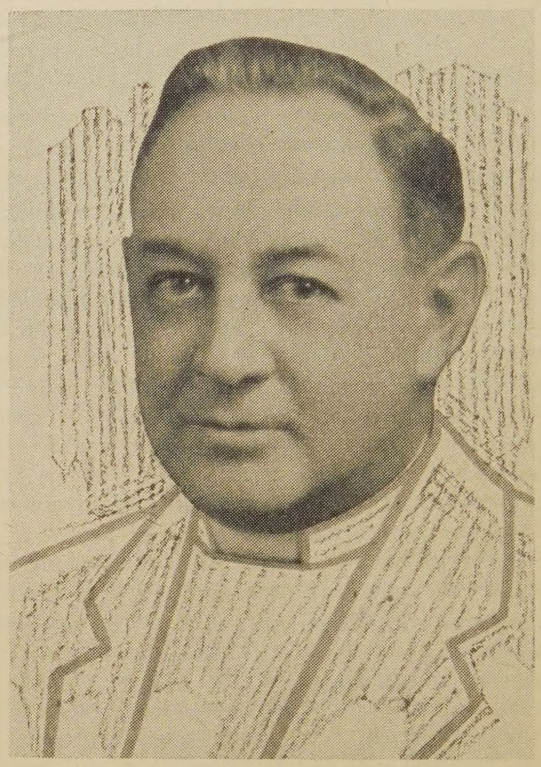
III. LIBERAL EDUCATION

Some splendid phrases grow so trite we seldom rediscover their original thrill. They come down in the world and need refreshening. "Liberal education" is such a praise. Liberal? Liberal is generous, abundantly gracious, horn-of-plenty outpouring. No liberal education may be narrowly niggardly; it will tumble a cascade of truths and beauties into our laps. It has the same prolific prodigality nature has, which rifely showers its fertile seeds in multitudinous hope that some will take root and transform the earth where they fall.

Liberal education is for the production of *qualitative* personality. Liberal education is for the enrichment of worths. It exposes the learner to the contagion of nobilities. It gives him zenith norms. It transforms and sublimates his aims. It lifts his longings and trusts that which is "more'n tongue can tell" to exert its influence on the reverent experiencer of its reality. If you put a vase of flowers at the center of the dinner table, the family will feed its higher life as much with the roses as it does its physical life with the bread. Yet there is no utilitarian justification for the flowers. The esthetic hunger, the emotional yearning, the inexpressible inmost self all need the imponderables. That which can never be perceived by the five senses may be of the greatest practical value, after all, to the whole man. Sustaining stamina comes best by even distant vision of the superlatively perfect. "Small souls pay the world by what they do," says an epigrammatist. "Great souls pay the world by what they are." And great souls have grown to their greatness by what the acrophobist would disdainfully call "unappeasable longing for unattainable food" or plain "crying for the moon."

Very well, then, we idealists take the acrophobist's challenge. We would not live by or for bread alone, we set our affection on things above the mundane. We set the Infinite at work on the Inmost.

Dean Sperry illustrates such a venture in values by his vivid word-picture of the Venus of Melos, serene and majestic in the shaft of the amber afternoon sunlight against the crimson velvet curtains at the end of the Louvre gallery. Then he asks the sudden, brutal question, "Of what use is this sculpture? What can one *do* with it?" It serves no "useful" purpose; it has no practical worth. Even an attempt to appraise its monetary value leaves us nonplussed. There is no price for it: it is priceless. To use it as a trademark for pencils seems almost blasphemous. Such a work of supreme genius and loveliness is too holy to be exploited. All one can do if one has a soul in him is to gaze in utter admiration and appreciation. The analytic mind slips off this beauty. The uplift of adoration, however, brings the humbled but blest beholder to the threshold



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of a worship which miraculously transforms him just by beholding.

Oh but the sight of things that are great
Enlarges the eyes . . . (of the soul)

Greatness is infectious; it inoculates those who touch it. Virtue flows forth from the hem of its garment into the personality which shakes off self-sufficiency and acknowledges its wistfulness for "wholth." We cannot be self-satisfying unless we have ideal ideals to lift our reach beyond our grasp.

Even if we never attain our ideal ideals they get us up off the dead level. They rouse us with divine dissatisfaction so that we never will be mere humdrum, treadmill plodders. We shall at least escape a mere existence by Life! There will be tingle, significance and glow to endeavor. We shall keep our romance and mature it; we will not "settle down" (what an ignominious phrase that really is!) on our lees. We will never come to the yawning boredom of cheap attainment. There is no more deadly a dry rot than to be satisfied with easy ideals. Jesus watched those who sought only the specious, the crass, the glittery, the

easily-attained and remarked, "Verily I say unto you they *have* their reward." That is, they have what they went after and that is all they will get. They will never get anything more; their puny ideals spring a trap which anchors them fast. They take a tin thimble down to the ocean and dip up a thimbleful. The thimbleful is all they can get in a thimble. It isn't the ocean's fault they did not get more, that they did not plunge in and swim in its glorious immensity. Oh, my friends, you get what you seek, in quantity if you seek thimblefuls, in quality if you let the Infinite have its way with you!

I am not pleading that you shall disregard a decent training in efficiency, that you shall go without bread and specialize on roses. In the name of what we believe to be the truth, wrought out of all human experience, I quote the Master: "This ought ye to have done and not leave the other undone." The world's nobilities are too potent to leaven us for us to exclude them from our study. Despite Sherlock Holmes, Auguste Comte and the Prune Exchange Bank, it *is* of utmost practical value in the super-practical. The night sky does something to the star-gazer. There is silent, uplifting impartation from the Absolute. It does us creative good to look up and "see Orion driving his hunting dogs across the Zenith or Andromeda shaking out her tresses over limitless space." It enlarges the self to know great art, to have studied great architecture, to have felt the spell of epic heroisms, to have swung to the rhythmic pulse of Homer's strophes, to have shaken to the passion of Roland or Romeo or Francis of Assisi, to have wrestled with Kant's categorical imperatives, to have seen the twinflower in Linnaeus' companionship, to have heard the roll of Drake's drum, to have been borne on the music stream of Beethoven's symphonies, to engrave the prologue to John's Gospel on the heart, to have said the sonorous, marching affirmations of the Nicene creed.

Long before Edna Millay wrote her better-known paraphrase of it, beloved, cloistered Emily Dickinson put it thus:

> The brain is wider than the sky,
> For put them side by side,
> The one the other will include
> With ease—and you beside.
> The brain is deeper than the sea
> For hold them, blue to blue,
> The one the other will absorb
> As sponges, buckets do.
> The brain is just the weight of God;
> For lift them, pound for pound.
> And they will differ, if they do
> As syllable from sound.

IV. RELIGION THE IDEAL IDEAL

Please, please, please do not think I am preachy! I am not talking down to you, young people, from any supercilious, top-lofty dogmatism. Least of all am I saying the stereotype thing to end my friendly urgency with the inclusion of religion as the most ideal of ideals.

He who devotes his utmost to the immediate is the creature of the temporary and insignificant. Exclusively to identify my life with the materialistic will be to make myself the slave of the accidental. If the mundane thing to which I have harnessed myself goes to flinders, I myself go with it; I have no stance in the abiding. If money is my ideal, poverty will embitter me. If social prestige is my acme, to be left out of the elect group will be my catastrophe. If power is my hope, powerlessness will be my anguish. If fame is my aspiration, anonymity will leave me angry. I stand or fall with the accidental, if the accidental is my goal. But if I am caught up by the glories which shine in the highest realities; if I bind myself, no matter in what awesome humility, to the values which motivate the universe; if I take for my ideal such a life as that of the Carpenter of Galilee who lived in God, the Spirit behind all values, worths, beauties and joys; if I, too, lift up my life to God, I shall be above the swirl of the accidental; I shall have the Infinite coursing through me! We can never encompass the whole truth; but the whole, living truth will encompass us if we will let it—to our good. The voice of the best breaks into song for us who have ears to hear—a Marseillaise for tired soldiers once trudging down the long and dusty road, burdened with the impedimenta of the march, but now swinging victoriously along as if no weight were on their shoulders. To enjoy the best will be to leaven your nature with the best.

KEEPERS OF THE SPRINGS

Once upon a time, runs the fable, a certain city grew up at the foot of a mountain range. High up in the hills a strange and quiet forest-dweller took it upon himself to be the Keeper of the Springs. He ranged the heights, and, wherever he found a spring, he cleaned its brown pool of silt and fallen leaves. He kept the channels clear of mud and mold, so that the water ran clean, cold, pure, down to the greater stream that was water of very life to the busy town. The mill-wheels were whirled by its rush. The people drank therefrom, by tapping the stream above the town.

But the city council was of hard-headed men. They scanned the civic budget and found therein the salary of a Keeper of the Springs. Said the Keeper of the Purse: "Why should we pay this romance-ranger? We never see him; he is not necessary to our town's work-life. If we build a reservoir next to the town, we can spare him." Therefore the city council voted to dispense with the unnecessary expense of a Keeper of the Springs, and to build a cement reservoir.

When he was no longer granted this mountain-task the reservoir filled up with water, to be sure, but it seemed less pure than formerly. And when the reservoir was full, a green scum befouled its stagnant surface. There were constant troubles with the delicate machinery of the mills, for they were often clogged with slime. An epidemic at last raged, spreading sickness to each street and lane. The city council met again. Sorrowfully it faced the city's plight. And frankly it acknowledged the mistake of the dismissal of the Keeper of the Springs.

Sought out in his hermit hut high in the mountains and besought to go back to his former joyous labor, he made his rounds and cleaned the springs once more. Once more pure water poured from the brimming pools and, under tunnels of ferns and mosses, went lilting down toward the cleansed reservoir. And millwheels turned and sickness waned and zest returned to children's faces down below.

All honor to the keepers of the springs on the heights! Keep the springs clear on the heights of your own selfhood! Keepers of the Springs on the heights you may be for your world! Let life show you where those springs well up, liberally outpouring not existence but Life!

Religion and a New Deal for Humanity

By Alfred W. Hurst

" . . . the former things are passed away. . . . Behold, I make all things new." Revelation 21:5.

IT would seem to be clear to any careful observer that there is a decided "social lag" in the religious thought and experience of our world. Individualism seems to be the first article of our religious creed. Someone's rejoinder may be that this is no more true of religion than of any other phase of our life, which perhaps is true, but religion should be a vital force, justifying its presence in our midst and its claim to our loyalty as a dynamic of progress. Religion should be a forerunner, preparing the way.

The Christian gospel is one gospel with individual and social implications, but in stressing individual salvation exclusively the church has rendered the gospel impotent. This conviction found lodgment in my mind and heart some years ago as a tiny seed. I did not cultivate and water it very carefully at first for I was accustomed to think of the Christian religion solely as an individual matter, the saving of an individual soul in heaven after death. But Jesus can save a man from such a narrow conception of religion. He had more to say about the kingdom of God than about any other one thing, but we have perverted his message. We have given the impression that the kingdom of heaven is a place up above the clouds where people may go sometime if they succeed in keeping themselves aloof from the world and free from contamination. But Jesus proclaimed a religious faith with greater dignity. He taught his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth." We have believed that the Christian gospel was an individual gospel with social applications, but, as a contemporary prophet puts it, the gospel is a social gospel with individual implications.

When I have been negligent or timid about watering and cultivating the tender plant of social conviction, Jesus has been the faithful gardener every time I have opened my New Testament to read. The gospel is primarily a social message in which individual salvation becomes more meaningful and less selfish, and is realized not through separatism but through investing oneself in the struggle of the world.

AN AWAKENING SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

Individual religious experience needs to be given some social vision. If the 535 million Christians in the world had a social vision and sympathy akin to that of Jesus, the whole pagan order of things would be turned upside down. We cannot hope to make much headway toward Christianizing our social relationships until this considerable block of our citizenship is possessed by a social passion. Shirley Jackson Case concludes his book on "The Social Triumph of the Ancient Church" with this sentence: "The most effective way to Christianize the social order is to socialize the Christian religion."

There are signs, thank God, of an awakening social conscience on the part of the ministry and among some of the laity. Heaven must be in a more hopeful mood just now. An increasing number of people are taking a serious interest in the hope of remaking human life nearer the heart's desire. For all such, religion is not something apart from life directed toward another world. Its vital concern is with life on this earth and the hope of planning and shaping a better world.

The millennial hope of socialized religion is impatient with the imperfections and injustices of society and dreams of the realization of a more ideal order of things in this earth. Christianity will exert a decreasing influence unless it takes seriously and proclaims courageously and convincingly its social ideals.

Jesus of Nazareth began his ministry by announcing his purpose to give humanity a new deal. Said he: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me: for he has consecrated me to preach the gospel to the poor, he has sent me to proclaim release for the captives and recovery of sight for the blind, to set free the oppressed, to proclaim the Lord's year of favor"—which infers economic, social, physical and political reconstruction of human life.

THE WORTH OF HUMAN LIFE

If we turn to Jesus' teachings for specific directions as to how we may inaugurate a new deal for the world we shall be disappointed. He was not a lawgiver and did not give rules for dealing with human life. As Shailer Mathews puts it, Jesus' preeminent and timeless contribution to the world is his exemplary life and his attitude toward life. Implicit in his life and his attitude were some fundamental principles, whose application would mean a new deal for humanity.

The first and most unique principle involved in our religion is the transcendent worth of human life. This high evaluation of human personality stands out like raised letters on practically every page of the Christian gospel. It is the most distinctive note in the harmony of his words and deeds. Man is of more value than a sparrow, of greater worth than a sheep; the Sabbath was made for man; I came that they, the least of these my brethren, may have life and abundance; it is better for a man to be drowned in the sea than to injure even one child. In season and out of season, whenever the opportunity offered itself, or the occasion demanded it, Jesus was found proclaiming this great fact, that the only thing which matters in this world is human beings.

If Jesus were a citizen of our modern world, with its roaring machinery and mass production, he would be saying it again: "The only thing that really matters is these men and women, boys and girls. How can you sit by, the few of you in your luxury, you on whom fortune and ancestors have smiled, and see the machine crush the life out of these people? Why, if you saw a

sheep caught like that you would throw the switch and save its life! These people are worth more than a sheep."

This religious principle would mean nothing less than a revolution in our way of life if it were taken seriously and applied instead of being worshiped in a vacuum. In international relationships it would mean the end of war as a means of national policy. In interracial life it would mean the death of bigotry, pride, arrogance and unfair discrimination. In industrial and economic life it would mean production for social needs and the common good rather than for profits. It would mean that the state is made for the good of man and not man for the factory. Human values would take precedence over property values.

Alfred W. Hurst

The machine has been a great blessing in lifting drudgery from the backs of people and raising the standard of living. But, as Alva W. Taylor points out in his book, "Christianity and Industry in America," there is a tragic side to it. The machine has displaced millions of men, throwing them into the ranks of the unemployed, and no provision has been made for their welfare through unemployment insurance or otherwise. Profits and property have come first.

PROFITS AND PROPERTY

"It is to be remembered that of the three fundamental principles which underlie government—the protection of life, liberty, and property—the chief of these is property." I must say that when I first read that statement I thought somebody was engaging in satire and I smiled. But then I learned that it came from a dignified group of men in the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia who could not afford a satirical statement. No, it is not satire but a statement of fact. In our twentieth century civilization property comes first—is more important.

It is as if the Court of Appeals had patterned after the Apostle Paul when he said, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is love." The court's decision reads like a great paean of praise to the sacredness of property. "Now abideth life, liberty, and property, these three, and the greatest of these is property. If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not property, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but have not property, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not property, it *profiteth* me nothing." But here Paul fails us, and what shall we do? For we cannot say property suffereth long and is kind; that it envieth not, is not puffed up, seeketh not its own; nor that property never faileth. Nevertheless, the Court of Appeals said, and our economic order says, "the greatest of these is property."

> O God! that bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap!

A NEW ORDER

The spirit of Christ in our economic life would seem to demand nothing less than the elimination of waste in production, the elevation of standards of living for all, the abolition of the unhealthy and indefensible contrasts of privation and privilege. It would mean security, leisure, pleasure, sunshine, play, liberty, education, happiness for all. The old order would pass away. All things would become new.

The second social ideal involved in our religion is the ideal of brotherhood. To Jesus it was the kingdom of God, some have called it a cooperative society; Josiah Royce called it "the Beloved Community"; and someone else has called it "the Republic of God." It is based on the assumption that God is our Father and all we are brethren and sisters.

This ideal implies the rearing of a generation of individuals with social vision, social passion and a willingness to accept social responsibility. It would mean socializing the religion of the rank and file of church members.

This ideal of brotherhood finds expression in the "Social Ideals of the Churches," in which the churches plead for "justice, opportunity, and equal rights for all; mutual good will and cooperation among racial, economic and religious groups; repudiation of war, drastic reduction in armaments, participation in international agencies for the peaceable settlement of all controversies; the building of a cooperative world order."

The kingdom of God will come nearer realization when we who call ourselves Christians render more than lip service to the Golden Rule and the other teachings of Jesus; that is, when all human relations are placed on the basis of brotherhood. Our economic system must be made to serve the needs of all, or it is doomed.

We do not know how extensive Jesus' business was

as a carpenter. If ever he was a contractor and hired men to work for him, we may be sure profits and property did not come first. He looked upon those men, and upon their families, through the eyes of a brother. The kingdom will come when we recognize in every man our brother, in every woman our sister, in that aged woman our mother, in that feeble man our father. A new era would dawn if employers could see in the child or young person in their factories a son or a daughter being crushed by the master machine.

President Coolidge once said, "These factories must become sanctuaries." A sanctuary is a consecrated place. When factories become sanctuaries, property and dividends for the few will no longer come first or be paramount, but employers will become prophets and priests of justice and brotherhood, saying: "The factory was made for the common good of man and not any man for the factory. The machine is come that they may have life abundant."

GOOD WILL BUILDING A NEW WORLD

The kingdom of God will not come in a day. As Dr. S. Parkes Cadman says, it will not be left with the morning milk. But if we adopt Jesus' principles and pray daily for the gift of his brotherly spirit we shall begin moving in the right direction at a surprisingly rapid rate. The old things will pass away. Behold, all things will become new.

The third social principle of our religion declares that love and good will are the most practical and fruitful means of building a new world order. "How often am I to forgive my brother? Seven times?" "Nay, seventy times seven!" It is the courageous faith that love never faileth. But the real genius of the Christian ideal is revealed in the words: "If you love them that love you, what reward have you?" It is the world's only hope of transcending national, racial, and class distinctions, our only hope of lasting peace. Ralph Cheyney expressed it when he said:

> Come, love, help me to move all the mirrors out of my workshop,
> All the sore-spots out of my heart!
> You only can give me what I need:
> The feel of tomorrow in my land.

War has never settled anything and the common man has had to pay the price. Religion can and must give humanity a new deal in justice, love, and good will. The old things, the old attitudes, standards, and instruments, will pass away. Behold, all things will become new.

This, then, is the religion we profess, and, if it is once allowed to express itself adequately in the affairs of men, it will mean a new deal for humanity, a redeemed society. Men will be more interested in giving justice than in asserting their rights, in extending privilege than in maintaining social advantage, in making factories into sanctuaries than in exploiting human life for pleasure and profit. The new deal and the Christian ideal will become identical.

"And I heard a voice out of heaven saying, . . . the former things are passed away. . . . Behold, I make all things new."

Pentecost: God's Esperanto

By Walter Anthony

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire. . . . And devout men out of every nation under heaven. . . . Parthians, Medes, Elamites . . . were amazed, saying, How hear we every man in our own tongue the wonderful works of God? Acts 2:3-11.

PENTECOST was heaven's great adventure in human understanding. Its blessed spiritual meaning for the individual must not be permitted to make faint for us its larger social implications. The long list of the diverse nations sharing in its heavenly benefits is catalogued with careful particularity. People from farthest north, and south, and east, and west, are comprised in the list, for like the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem, Pentecost swings outward toward every compass point. "This," exclaims Peter, "is that which was spoken by the prophet: I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh."

For the first time since Babel's confusion of tongues the polyglot nations were at one in understanding. No need that day for an interpreter, nor for Zamenhof and his "universal language," Esperanto; for the risen Christ, through a unified church, with "tongues as of fire," so spoke that, amid all the confused dialects of that motley Jerusalem throng, "every man heard them speak in his own language" the white hot message of God's consuming love.

A permanent gift to the church, or a temporary enduement for that hour? A miracle wrought in the ears of the hearers or in the tongues of the speakers? What matters it? What need of controversy and debate? God has a way of eternalizing the ultimates, and the ultimate values of Pentecost being the spiritual, its spiritual message abides, grows, is ever new. And that message is as fresh and as vital at this hour as upon that day when the startled penitents cried, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" There was then as now a world need; and now, as then, there is the Pentecostal answer.

I. THE WORLD NEED

What is the supreme need of our present world? Surely every Christian will answer: It is the repetition in the heart of the individual, of the church, of the nation, and of all nations, of the miracle of Pentecost.

The tragedy of men and of nations today, as ever, is their apparent inability to understand each other. The current method of referring to conflicts between individuals or countries as "misunderstandings" is philosophically accurate. Now, as in the days of Hosea, the "people are destroyed through lack of understanding."

There is probably no war in history but might have been avoided could misconceptions have been removed from the minds of the parties to the strife. Half truths, distortions, baseless fears, unwarranted distrusts and suspicions—misunderstandings—lie at the bottom of the divisions and warrings of humanity. "We should love each other better, if we only understood." That all the

world states still grope in the thick mists of error and confusion concerning each other's purposes, imagining in the smallest gesture a menace of fearful attack—this is the supremely ominous fact of our world today.

Here too lies the damnatory indictment of jingoism, parading itself betimes under the fair name of "preparedness": while, with its taxes for battleships and armies, it bleeds white the nations, it adds to the sum total of the misunderstandings of the world.

This then is a central problem, and one of the supreme objectives of Christianity: Shall "the wolf and the lamb," the "leopard and the kid," "the calf and the young lion," learn to dwell together, or shall the nations continue to "hurt and destroy in his holy mountain," the earth being covered with misconceptions as the waters cover the sea? Must it always be that "Ephraim shall envy Judah, and Judah vex Ephraim"? Are nations, industrial groups, and individuals forever to look upon each other with fearful suspicion, or is the binding power of sympathy, fair dealing, and brotherliness represented by the work and spirit of Christian missions and Christian statesmanship, to prevail?

LANGUAGE AS A BARRIER

It is most interesting to note in the miraculous understanding of the nations at Pentecost the large place assigned to the gift of tongues. Back of that perfect comprehension was an infinite ocean of spiritual energy; but the surface reading of the passage affirms that the many-tongued peoples came to know each other through the miracle of a universal language, a common tongue. Spiritually interpreted, the conditions and requirements essential in order to a worldwide international understanding are the same today. If the warring groups of the earth are to be brought to understand each other, it is necessary, in order to that end, that there shall be discovered somehow a universal language, a common currency of the soul.

Language has always played a most important part in the binding or scattering of humanity. Chief among the barriers dividing asunder the peoples of the earth are diversities of tongues. When God would defeat the scheme of the tower builders at Babel, it was only necessary that he confuse their speech, no constructive enterprise being possible where understanding is lost through want of a common medium of expression. At one period in Jewish Biblical history life and death hung for a man upon a single consonant: Could the traveler pronounce "Shibboleth"? If the "h" were wanting, he paid for it with his life. Our word "barbarian," by its etymology, illustrates the basis of a common, but Christless, attitude toward the foreigner: The Greeks, unable to understand the speech of the non-Grecian tribes, mocked their talking by saying that it sounded like "Bar-bar-bar," and so called them "Barbar-os," barbarian. Isn't our barbarian, after all, the man we fail to understand?

The Germans, during their occupation of the French provinces, Alsace-Lorraine, affirmed the vast importance of language in the assimilation of a conquered people, when they endeavored to force upon these Frenchmen the use of the German speech. Our own country, at the crisis of our entrance into the world war, discovered that one of the chief obstacles to the Americanization of the millions of immigrants who had settled among us was their continuing use of their mother tongue. If these newcomers were to become a vital part of our great country, they, and especially their children, must

A Memorial Day Prayer

By Theodore Hume

GOD of our fathers and our God, who hast touched our hearts with the awe of gratitude, and hast opened our ears to voices not of our world,

We bless Thee, on this day of high and holy memory, for the way in which Thou hast led us as a people. For every lofty impulse that has stirred us in years gone by to nobler living; for every patriot dream that has lifted us above sordid ways and pointed us beyond narrow loyalties, we give Thee the praise, whose Spirit hath set us upon this better path.

In the presence of that mighty host of heroes, by whose sacrifice we have entered into our heritage: for the sterling loyalty of youth, for the glad response of our finest and fairest to the call of their country; for their courage in face of danger, for their steadfastness in the hour of death, which shame us out of our petty self-concern, we praise and bless Thee.

O Thou, who art never weary of setting us free from the bonds that stifle our souls: for the fire of Thy Spirit that kindles the flame of freedom in the soul of every man, every nation, every race; for the vision of Thy Kingdom, beckoning men in all ages to hold justice dearer than comfort, and liberty above life, we praise Thy holy name, whose terrible gift of liberty is ours to use or to abuse.

Grant that we, Thy children, may enter more worthily into our heritage, and heed Thy stern call to self-devotion. Forgive us, if by easy indulgence or hard cynicism we are tempted to make vain the sacrifice which others have laid upon Thine altar.

As they died to win liberty for the bodies of men, so may we live to bring fairer justice for their souls. As they shed their blood thinking thus to wipe away the curse of war, so may we plan more prayerfully for an enduring peace.

May we bear malice toward none, though our hearts burn beneath the injustices of our time. Grant us more charity for all, that we may be made firm in the right, and may follow more closely in the way of Christ, our Leader and Lord. Amen.

be taught to speak and think in the language of our institutions and the mass of our people.

Here then, is the great world need: International understanding attained by the use of an international language, the thinking of the world to be made coextensive with the inhabitants of the world, and that thinking to be given expression in terms unequivocal because universal. How is this need to be met?

II. THE ANSWER OF PENTECOST

The answer is given in Pentecost. There, there only, the risen Lord, speaking through an inspired church, the glowing message, "Love was made flesh and dwelt among us," is to be found the basis of international fellowship and world peace.

Certainly this is not for a moment to be interpreted as an endorsement of the "unknown tongue" movement which has found a recrudescence in certain quarters in our own day. Important as is spoken language, it is not the only nor the chief currency of commerce between the souls of men. There is the more eloquent language of deeds, and that most eloquent language of the soul's heart attitudes: though "their voice is not heard, their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

It is sheer folly to talk of a universal language of nations outside the gospel and power of Jesus Christ. Such mechanical attempts as Dr. Zamenhof made in his Esperanto are futile and inane. He sought, with some genius, through the expedient of artificial word forming, to make for the polyglot nations a language easily spoken by them all. This is not merely violative of the whole tendency of human nature; it is probably violative of the purpose of God who seems to prefer unity in diversity, in order that, out of the symphony of many languages, the unity of the Spirit may find a richer expression in the great orchestra of the world.

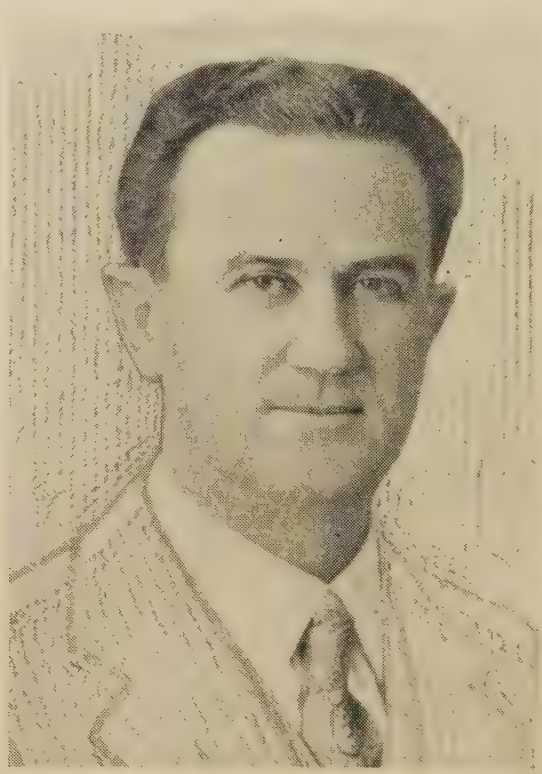
The language of universal understanding must be something more than the speech of vocal and written words. It must be a language so simple that even the most ignorant can understand, so elastic that the heart's finest shades of feeling can be expressed, so changeless that the passing years are impotent to modify its meaning, so distinct, so clear, so far-heard that its softest whispers, wherever uttered, shall carry unto the uttermost parts of the world. It is scarcely necessary to declare that no speech can meet these requirements except the language of the soul.

It is an interesting fact that all the deepest experiences of the soul do speak a universal language. Sorrow, with its heaving bosom and flowing tears, speaks the same language in all lands. At other points sundered far by race, by caste and social distinction, when they walk through the garden of woe, men need no interpreter to be understood. Sorrow is its own Esperanto. The same is true of other elemental experiences in the life of the soul: Joy, fear, hate and lust have no need of words for their perfect expression.

But the baser heart impulsions of our humanity, while speaking a universal language, are at war with the highest truth of our being; and, for that reason, they are never spoken but they add to the misunderstandings and confusion of the world. Therefore it is that commercialism with its guttural accents of greed, diplomacy with its honeyed tones of insincerity, militarism with its snarling words of bloody blasphemy, and imperialism with its big voice of conscienceless ambition, can never hope to speak in this Babel world of ours the needed language of a world of brothers.

It is only the fiery language of love which, pouring forth from the soul possessed of God, is able to speak the message of universality. Here is God's Esperanto. This is the meaning of Pentecost to the many-tongued dwellers of our world.

It is well known that the language of love transcends every barrier of separation between men and nations.



WALTER ANTHONY

Mere words are all inadequate as the vehicle of love's expression; but wordless love is more eloquent than "the tongues of men and angels," these tongues, when loveless, being but "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

All of every nation, state, and circumstance understand the language of love. The American savages understood it as it was spoken by William Penn and his followers; and there were no Indian massacres of the little company of this Quaker chieftain. The cannibal denizens of the South Sea Isles, before ever Paton, the missionary, was able to use their strange dialects, came to apprehend the central message he had come to proclaim: In him was love. The infant in its mother's arms does not comprehend the words of gladness with which the mother welcomes it into life; but the baby knows mother loves, and responds to that love as flowers awake to the kiss of the sunbeams. Even a dog, inhabitant as he is of another order of being than ours, not only understands the love language, but himself

speaks it with Demosthenean earnestness and Shakespearean fluency.

And Pentecost is the glorious experience of God's love, glowing, transfiguring, white hot. Jesus, having spoken during all the days of his flesh this language of universality—love to all men, publicans, sinners, harlots, Greeks, Jews, and Samaritans—being present at Pentecost in the person of the Spirit, that day taught his followers this wondrous new language. Speaking it themselves, they were astounded, as were their wondering hearers, to discover that it was a cosmic speech, understandable and understood by "the dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judea, Cappadocia, Pontus, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Egypt, Libya, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes."

Jesus affirmed a universal comprehensibility of the speech of a love-possessed heart. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold," he said; and he added: "My sheep know my voice. A stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." These "other sheep," peoples polyglot, varicolored, multinational, he declared would understand the language he spoke, and following him, would gather in the unity of perfect understanding, that "there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE CROSS

His ineffable message, he said, would find its resistless imperative in his cross: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." "That cross finds me!" exclaimed a repenting infidel. I asked the teacher of a class of deaf-mutes in my pastorate to give me the sign word for "Jesus" used by these unfortunate dwellers in the land of silence. He answered by making the sign of outstretched and pierced hands.

This Esperanto language of hope, of faith, and of love is spoken with equal eloquence by his disciples of whatsoever nation, race or tongue. Surely there is no nationality, no provincialism, no sectionalism in sainthood, for in him "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Here then, is the hope of a redeemed world in which dwelleth righteousness: A church united in heart and purpose, filled with all the fulness of God, anointed with power from on high, speaking in a voice of authority the fiery eloquence of divine love, and carrying its message of redemption unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Such a church will speak in the ears of all peoples the one message essential in order to the peace of the nations, and that message, that only, is to afford the basis of international understanding in a world brotherhood of men.

Never more than at this hour has the urgency of world mission been insistent, inescapable. To us, as to his first disciples, he calls, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations!" May we hear him! but if we are to go in conquering power, we are to be mindful also of this, his other commandment: "Tarry ye until ye be endued with power from on high!" So endued, Christ's church will repeat in every place where her voice is heard the spiritual miracle of Pentecost. Men coming to know and love God will understand and love each other, and so will be fulfilled the prayer he taught us to pray with passionate longing: "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

The First Mother's Day

By Alfred Lee Wilson

Behold thy mother. John 19:27.

"BEHIND the Doctor" was the subject of a recent interesting magazine article. I do not remember the name of the physician who wrote it, but the article emphasized the fact that no matter how great a man any famous doctor might be; no matter how valuable the contribution which he had made to suffering humanity; no matter how much honor he had justly received, if you knew all the facts in the case, you would find behind the famous doctor many a quiet, unknown, unhonored and perhaps unsung hero to whom likewise much credit was due for his share in helping to make possible the great blessing to suffering humanity. The complete picture, he said, would reveal behind the doctor some faithful technician, some quiet research worker, or hard working nurse, without whose contribution the great discovery would never have been given to the world.

The other day I called the attention of one of the physicians of my church to this statement and he remarked how true that article was and illustrated it by telling me of the work of that famous Canadian physician, Dr. Frederick Banting, who discovered insulin as a treatment for diabetes. He told me something of the marvelous work of Dr. Banting and how, when he had conceived the idea of treating diabetes with insulin, there arose one apparently insurmountable obstacle in the effort to secure the insulin. After a long series of experiments that obstacle was overcome by an almost unknown laboratory technician, and insulin was given to the world, said my doctor friend—not only by Dr. Banting, but by that technician and many other unknown workers "behind the doctor." Then my medical friend remarked, "But isn't that true of every sphere of life?" And, of course, it is.

MOTHERS AND SONS

You take the biographies of a dozen men or women who have made worthy contributions to human life and progress in any line of endeavor. These biographies will follow a pattern somewhat like this. There will be a chapter about his parents and early home; another chapter about his education; something about how and why he entered this chosen field of labor; then there will be several chapters dealing with his active life and the various services he rendered humanity; then, perhaps, there will be a closing chapter reciting the honors that had been bestowed upon him. Now if this biography is more than a simple recital of mere facts and dates, there is sure to appear in it somewhere a reference to the forces which helped to create and inspire this great character. In a large majority of cases you are pretty sure to find that those influences behind the great man, those

influences which had much to do with making him what he was, may be summed up in one word spelled, m-o-t-h-e-r.

Edward T. Sullivan, in an article on "How God Works," has this significant thing to say: "When God wants an important thing done in this world, or a wrong righted, he goes about it in a very singular way. He does not release his thunderbolts or stir up his earthquakes. He simply has a tiny, helpless baby born, perhaps in a very obscure home, perhaps of a very humble mother. Then he puts the idea or purpose into the mother's heart, she puts it into the baby's mind and then —God waits."

GREAT MOTHERS

Now take that statement and check it against the lives of any dozen men or women who have made contributions of worthy service to the world and I think in the majority of the cases you will find it fits the picture. In the religious world of modern times surely few have made a greater or more lasting contribution to humanity than John Wesley, and it is an interesting thing to see that most of his biographers are agreed as to those influences which helped most to mold his life. I have been reading this week that very interesting biography of Professor Walker of Yale, and in speaking of those forces which help to create the life and character of John Wesley, I find this significant paragraph in his article: "His father was a hard working, earnest man, the rector of a small country parish. His mother, Susannah Annesley Wesley, was a woman of unusual talent, intellectual powers, and spiritual gift, from whom the son drew much of what he afterwards became."

When Abraham Lincoln died Secretary Stanton could well say, "Now he belongs to the ages." I suppose no character in the last century has so gripped the imagination and the admiration of the world as has the character of this man with such a humble, lowly origin. Students who have studied deeply into the human character and development of human personality have tried to discover those elements which helped to make Lincoln great. There was nothing particularly outstanding about his father, but when the biographers come to speak about his mother, even though she died when the lad was only nine years of age, most of them find in her the secret of his greatness. Dying, as she did, amid miserable surroundings there in the wilderness, little did Nancy Hanks Lincoln realize that she would become immortal through the ragged, barefoot lad whose early footsteps she had started on the pathway to an honorable and glorious life. Though she was of lowly origin, the victim of poverty and hard usage, she takes her place in history as the mother and molding influence of one of the world's greatest citizens. The power of her influence is vouched for by the great Lincoln himself when he said: "All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

"SON, BEHOLD THY MOTHER"

Or turn to the greatest character of them all, Jesus of Nazareth, whose name, as Emerson said, "is not so much written into history as it is plowed into history." As one studies that marvelous life he is conscious that there were not only divine influences but human influences back of the making of his character. We Protestants, I think, have paid too little attention to Mary, the mother of our Lord; we have often failed to appreciate her influence on his life. I feel sure that those words of Sullivan can well apply to her: "When God wants an important thing done in this world, he puts the idea or purpose into a woman's heart, she puts it in the baby's mind and then—God waits." When the shepherds had left the manger in Bethlehem and the angel's song of "Glory to God in the highest" had died away in the distance Mary, the mother, "pondered all these things in her heart." It was Mary, the mother, who carried him in her arms down into Egypt when

Alfred Lee Wilson

Herod would take his young life; it was Mary, the mother, with supreme confidence in the ability of her Son, who said to the servants at the wedding feast: "Whatsoever he sayeth unto you, do it." It was Mary, the mother, who was among the last at the cross and first at the tomb. No wonder a grateful son's last thought and last words were for his mother: "Woman, behold thy son;" "Son, behold thy mother." I like to think of this as the first Mother's day.

Well, perhaps that was not the first Mother's day. Perhaps you would like to put the first Mother's day back to the time described in First Samuel, first chapter, where we read: "Hannah vowed a vow and said: 'O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thy handmaid, and remember me, and will give unto thy handmaid a man child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life.' Now Hannah, she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard." And later, when her son was old enough, she took him to the temple to old Eli, the priest, that she

might consecrate her son to the Lord, and Hannah said: "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

Or, perhaps, you would want to push the first Mother's day still farther back to the early pages of the Old Testament which tell the romantic story of the love of Isaac for Rebekah and of his devotion to the memory of his mother Sarah, with that exquisite touch both of romance and sentiment expressed in Genesis, chapter 24, verse 67: "And Isaac brought her unto his mother Sarah's tent and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her."

SACRED MEMORIES

Well, it does not matter what date you choose as the first Mother's day, I am sure there never will be a final one as long as humanity lasts. One reason why Mother's day makes such a universal appeal to us is that every one of us realizes that back of whatever little success any of us may have in life, lies the influence and devotion and sacrifice of a mother's love. Therefore, with both gratitude and reverence we come to the celebration of Mother's day feeling that in the observance of this day we are heeding again the words of the Master: "Behold thy mother."

You painted no Madonnas
On chapel walls in Rome;
But with a touch diviner,
You lived one in your home.

You wrote no lofty poems
That critics counted art;
But with a nobler vision
You lived one in your heart.

You carved no shapeless marble
To some high soul-design;
But with a finer sculpture,
You shaped this soul of mine.

You built no great cathedrals
That centuries applaud;
But with a grace exquisite,
Your life cathedraled God.

Some of us were born with money and some of us were not; but we are all alike in the inheritance of the wealth of a mother's love. To some of us this mother has been spared through all these years; some of us cherish a sacred memory. All of us unite today in paying honor to this great gift of God to us—our mother. Whether she died while helpless baby hands were vainly stretched out to hold her, or whether she lived to be old and bent and gray, it matters not. As a heavenly influence or an earthly guide, she is our mother still. Today as we hear again the words of the Master, "Behold thy mother," may we not be satisfied to let the day evaporate into mere sentimentality, but may it challenge us to dedicate our lives anew to those high ideals of sacrifice, devotion and love which marked her life. May the day strengthen our faith and our trust in our mother's God. May we be able to say with that good friend and former neighbor of mine, Dr. Calvin Dill Wilson, of Cincinnati:

I landed on this rock, the Earth;
There met me by the gates of birth
A loving woman, great and fair,
With gentle eyes and silken hair
That seemed, with all its loosened strands,
As playthings for my baby hands.
Here for the hungered guest was food,
Divinely mingled, fit and good;
And when the wearied bairnie wept
Her arms wound round him and he slept.

Great God, with such a welcome here
I'll venture forth to any sphere;
Lord of the mother, I will tread
All Thine abysses without dread.

Verse

How Long?

MAN and the pitiless waters
Fight man and the cavernous sea.
The ocean is ready to fight all men
In its stark immensity.
Man against man, conspiring well,
Can make of the sea and the land a hell.
How long shall the carnage be?

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

A Mother Understands

DEAR Lord, I hold my hand to take
Thy body broken once for me;
Accept the sacrifice I make,
My body, broken, Christ, for Thee.

His was my body, born of me,
Born of my bitter travail pain,
And it lies broken on the field,
Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a Mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,
The mystery of Thy pierced hands—the Broken Bread.

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.

How Shall We Honor Them?

HOW shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?
With strew of laurel and the stately tread?
With blaze of banners brightening overhead?
Nay, not alone these cheaper praises bring:
They will not have this easy honoring.

How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passion, they survive!
Flatter their souls with deeds, and all is said!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Pastor's Pen and Its Ministry

By Bruce S. Wright

EVERY pastor has a desk. Every well-equipped desk has certain articles with which the desk is indissolubly joined. One of these articles is a pen. Preferably a pen stand, "desk set" called by the trade. It need not be an elaborate or expensive one. Preferably it should hold only a pen. Pencils are all right for many ordinary uses, but for correspondence notes, for the finer, nobler contacts of life, a pen should always be used. A pencil suggests a slovenly, don't-care attitude. A pen carries the suggestion of courtesy and thoughtfulness. The desk set is preferable because it carries a holder for the pen. There the pen is, upright, easily grasped, ready for business. It seems to say: "Here I am, use me, put me to work."

● *Pen Versus Typewriter*

"The pen is mightier than the sword," is an old saying. Let us paraphrase it and say that the pen is better than the typewriter. It is preferable to the typewriter, at least it is for the purposes I now have in mind. One can gauge and guard the length of one's sermons much more readily and accurately by the use of the machine; he knows just how many pages he should write for a twenty-five minute sermon! But right now I am thinking about the preacher's pen in relation to his pastoral and personal ministry.

There are innumerable occasions and experiences in human life which furnish opportunity for a personally written word. The power for good of a thoughtful personal note is second only to the personal contact, life with life. And there are occasions when the personal note is much more appropriate, when its power surpasses that of the personal contact. First of all, a personal note spells interest. The recipient immediately thinks—"How thoughtful of him! His is a busy life, but he is not too busy to think of this little event that means so much to me." Perhaps as good a way as any to consider the use the pastor can make of his pen is by age groups. Therefore let us begin with the babies.

● *Not Forgetting The Babies*

"What, do you write notes to babies?" someone asks, "they cannot read, why waste your time!" True, they cannot read now, but ours is a land in which the public believes in general education and a literate citizenship. Some day the dear, helpless little babe lying in the crib will be able to read, and there will be plenty for him to read. In all that maze of good, bad and indifferent reading matter I intend that he shall have a personal note from one who was around when he came "out of the everywhere into the here."

Of course the note is sent in care of the parents, but always, when a baby

Bruce S. Wright

is born in my parish I ascertain as quickly as possible the sex and name of the baby. It is said of Phillips Brooks that often in his calling he came into a home where there was a newly-born babe and, wishing to say something appropriate, and not knowing whether the babe was a boy or girl, he would exclaim with the radiant enthusiasm for which he was noted, "My that *is* a baby!" Usually one can learn the sex of the baby from the name, but not always. And so, armed with the baby's name I write him (or her) a note. These notes are not stereotyped, I follow no set form. Much depends upon the parents, the home to which the babe has come, the prospects of the child—these things all enter into the kind of a note I write. But I try to say something that will make a definite contribution to the development of Christian character in his growing years.

One day a young mother said to me: "We placed your letter to Marshall with his savings account book, given him by his grandparents; we treasure your note and when Marshall is able to read he shall be shown your letter, and he too will treasure it, we know." Similar statements have come to me scores of times during my ministry.

● *Letters to Boys And Girls*

There is one letter I prize as highly as any I ever received. It is a letter written me by my pastor when I was a boy fourteen years of age. I was away from home that summer, working at some sort of a boy's job at the Chautauqua Assembly. My pastor wrote me a letter. To begin with it was beautifully done, in large, firm, well-rounded letters. One sentence, toward the close, I can never forget. How my lad's heart thrilled as I read: "I have often wondered if the Lord would not call you to the ministry." I had begun to dream of the ministry; that word from my pastor changed my dream into a purpose.

There are innumerable occasions in the lives of the girls and boys of our parishes when a note from the pastor will send joy to their hearts and bind them to the church with strong cords of affection and loyalty. Honors won in school, exceptional work in any particular field, election to office in church school, young people's society, boy scouts, girls reserves and similar organizations for youth, all furnish abundant reason for a written word of commendation from the pastor. By all means, when the pastor receives into the church membership a company of young people, every one should also receive from the pastor a personally-conceived and personally-written note.

A few weeks ago two splendid young people tarried after the morning service to speak with me. He was the pastor of an important church in Ithaca, N. Y., the seat of Cornell university. His wife was a woman who as a girl had been in the Sunday school of my first church. I had baptized and received her into the membership of the church. She said to me: "I still have the note you wrote me when I joined the church, I keep it in my Bible and I read it now and then for memory's sake and for inspiration." Think of the influence of hundreds of similar notes written in the course of a man's pastorate! All do not keep them, but even those who destroy them have received a seed into the soil of the soul that may blossom some day.

● *Young People Will Treasure Your Messages*

The other day I saw on the sports page of our city press the picture of

a sturdy football player, right halfback of the Carnegie Technical school. Underneath I read the name of one of my boys, followed by words of praise for his football ability. That was my opportunity to reach for my pen and write Don Spencer a note of commendation. The high schools in my city conduct through the winter months a series of debates and oratorical contests. There are usually some of my young people participating. Win or lose, if they have taken part in the contest they deserve a brief note from their pastor. They are encouraged and steadied thereby.

When your young people leave home for college, write them. At an appropriate time or two during the year, Thanksgiving or Easter, if they are away, send them a few lines of remembrance. By all means, when your young people marry, even though you are right there and perform the ceremony, write them a note a few days later, sending it to their new home, praying God's blessing upon that home, and bidding them, from the very outset, to link their home with the church.

● *Older People Need a Word of Cheer*

As age approaches the hurrying years can be brightened by notes, on appropriate occasions, from the pastor. I am constantly jotting down, as information comes to me, anniversary facts about people, especially the older ones of my flock. Only the other day as a physician and his wife left the church and as I shook hands with them at the door, she remarked: "Next Sunday is his birthday; he will be seventy-five years old, would you believe it!" I honestly would not. But down in my mind went the fact, and the day before his birthday I drew my pen from its holder and wrote him a note.

Wedding anniversaries of the older people in your parish—they can be ascertained without impropriety—and oh, how much a sympathetic note penned by their pastor means on such an occasion!

● *Messages for Times of Sorrow and Joy*

On a recent Sunday, at the close of our regular communion service, I took a sacrament to a woman who had been seriously hurt in an automobile accident. After the administration of the sacrament I stood by the bed and she pointed me to two pictures in a single frame, her sons. One of the sons stood with me by the bed, the other had entered into the larger life a few years before. Then she pointed to a poem, neatly framed, at the head of her bed. "I read it every day," she said, "and think of my boy as just beyond the curtain in the other room." I looked and saw the poem I had sent her, which I had dated and signed. I have sent out literally hundreds of copies of this poem. It is by my friend, Robert Freeman, and is entitled "In My Father's House." I commend it to every pastor's use in the day of sorrow and death. It is found, along with many another appropriate poem, in that fine anthology of modern verse, "Quotable Poems."

There are other sorrows than death —business reverses, loss of job, serious illness—why not a note from the pastor's pen at such times! Even though you make a pastoral call, the note may be written. It is proper and it strengthens the church's hold upon that individual or family. Then there are the joys and successes of human experience, by all means remember them and recognize them by the use of the pastor's pen.

Being a Methodist, I feel that I should close this article with an exhortation. Here it is: "My fellow-pastors, look well to your desk! Have a pen there, upright, always containing ink, and use it! Make your pen synonymous throughout your ministry with Christlike courage, cheer, sympathy and blessing! Let your pen "weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice!"

A LITANY FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By James Myers

From slowness of heart to comprehend what is divine in the depth and constancy of a Mother's love;

Good Lord, deliver us.

From the unreality of superficial sentiment, from commercial exploitation, and from all lip service to Motherhood while we neglect the weightier matters of justice and mercy and love;

Good Lord, deliver us.

By our remembrance of the Mother of our Lord standing by the cross of her well-beloved son;

Good Lord, deliver us.

That it may please Thee to open our ears that we may hear Jesus' word from the cross, "Behold thy Mother";

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give us grace from this hour, with the swift obedience of beloved disciples, to take unto our own every woman widowed, bereft, hard-pressed in life;

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

That it may please Thee to touch our hearts that we may behold our Mother in every woman; in women who toil in the factories and on the farms, in office and shop and home; in women of alien race and foreign clime, in women of every creed and color and condition;

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

That it may please Thee to excite our pity for all mothers robbed of their beloved sons by the hideous institution of war;

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

That it may please Thee also to lay upon our conscience the unequal lot of the mothers of the poor, the underprivileged and the unemployed;

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

That it may please Thee to kindle within us divine discontent with any social order which tolerates war or poverty, or any preventable suffering among the mothers of the world;

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

That it may please Thee to hasten the coming of the divine society, when every mother shall be secure, encompassed by loving provision for her every need;

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

In the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

SINCE his graduation at Princeton seminary, in 1905, Rev. CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY has had three pastorates: at First Presbyterian church, Paterson, N. J.; at Arch Street church, Philadelphia, and at First church, Pittsburgh, where he now ministers. His denomination elected him moderator of its general assembly in 1924-25. Dr. Macartney is a director of Princeton seminary. Among his many published books are "Things Most Surely Believed" and "Highways and Byways of the Civil War."

Rev. FRED W. FIELD *is a Canadian, a* graduate of McMaster university. He studied theology at McMaster and at the University of Chicago. He knows war, having spent more than four years in the Canadian army during the world war; he saw service in the battles of the Somme, Vimy Ridge and Lens. Mr. Field came to the United States in 1920, and has held three pastorates. He has recently celebrated his fourth anniversary as pastor of First Baptist church, Green Bay, Wis.

A graduate of the College of the Bible, Transylvania university, Rev. JOHN J. CASTLEBERRY was awarded a B.D. degree by Yale divinity school. Since 1920, he has ministered to the Walnut Hills Christian church, Cincinnati, O. He served as president of the Disciples congress for a year, and has also headed the Cincinnati federation of churches.

For more than ten years Rev. PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD was rector of St. Mark's church, Minneapolis, but was recently called to Emmanuel church, Boston. His theological education was received at the Episcopal theological seminary, Cambridge, Mass. Dr. Osgood has given much attention to the subject of religious drama, as two of his book titles indicate—"A Sinner Beloved and Other Plays," and "Pulpit Drama."

Rev. ALFRED W. HURST *has his M.A.* and B. D. degrees from the divinity school of the University of Chicago. For a time he was college pastor and professor of Bible at Elon college, in North Carolina, but since 1932 he has ministered at the Pilgrim Congregational church, Chattanooga, Tenn.

For five generations the family of Rev. WALTER ANTHONY has provided preachers for the Georgia conferences of the Methodist churches. Mr. Anthony himself held pastorates in Atlanta, Athens, Macon and Savannah. He is now at Travis Park church in San Antonio, Tex. He was a member of the general conference of 1930, and of the Ecumenical Methodist conference of 1931.

The church to which Rev. ALFRED LEE WILSON ministers—the Kenwood Interdenominational church, Chicago—has an interesting history. It was organized about 50 years ago as a union church with 37 members, representing five denominations. Today it has more than 1,100 members, representing 23 denominations. Six years ago Dr. Wilson came from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church, Canton, O., to lead in this important Chicago field. Dr. Wilson received his A.M. degree from Princeton university and graduated from Princeton seminary in 1906.

Rev. THEODORE HUME *is minister of* the New England Congregational church, Chicago.

Rev. BRUCE S. WRIGHT *is minister at* the Old Stone (Methodist) church, Meadville, Pa.

TITLES AND TEXTS. What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

ALBERT D. BELDEN, Whitefield's Central Mission, London. "The God Who Carries." Isa. 46:4—". . . even to your old age . . . and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

EDWARD YATES HILL, First Presbyterian, Philadelphia. "Spiritual Recovery." Joel 2:25—"I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

JOHN D. HOLLER, Memorial Methodist, Greer, S. C. "Spending Ourselves Back to Prosperity." Prov. 2:24—"One man spends, and grows still richer; another holds back his due share, only to bring himself to want." (Smith-Goodspeed)

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon

. . . . . .

Text used (Write out the text)

. . . . . .

Name of minister

. . . . . .

Name of church

. . . . . .

Address

JAMES M. LOTZ, First Congregational, Cuyahoga Falls, O., "The Church and Our Age." 1 Tim. 3:15—". . . the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

CLYDE W. ROBBINS, First Baptist, Westboro, Mass. "Creative Meditation." Psalm 90:9—"We spend our years as a meditation." (margin)

HENRY KENDALL BOOTH, First Congregational, Long Beach, Cal. "The Acid Test." Matt. 7:15a, 16a—"Beware the false prophets. Ye shall know them by their fruits."

JAMES D. KITCHIN, JR., First Christian, Newport News, Va. "The Probated Will." Matt. 5:5—"Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

CHARLES W. HARRISON, Methodist, Newark, O. "The Hinderers." Luke 11:52—"Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

W. G. PARKER, First Methodist, Linton, Ind. "The Judgment Day Is at Hand." 1 Pet. 4:17—"The time is come for judgment to begin at the house of God."

FLOYD N. DRAKE, Methodist, Hubbardston, Mich. "The Great Contest." 2 Tim. 4:7—"I have had a part in the great contest." (Goodspeed)

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

ONE need not be a blind partisan of the Roosevelt policies to admit that the charges of Professor Wirt were completely unproved. They were preposterous from the beginning, and the evidence given in support of them was puerile and ridiculous. Had Dr. Wirt been called immediately to Washington to testify, the whole matter would have been laughed at and forgotten. But the long interim in which the schoolman was allowed to keep his ominous secret was used by the press and the politicians as a time to make hay in their campaign against the new deal. Thus, though Dr. Wirt has vanished from the real picture, he has become a sort of myth about which the opposition organizes itself. The President now enters a new phase in the evolution of his policies. He faces a strident and determined opposition. The new deal has gone far enough to convince the country that it is no casual and trifling matter. Mr. Roosevelt is indeed in the middle of a stream of policies which are carrying the nation into an economy for which neither the constitution nor precedent has made provision. Can he defend these policies in terms which will recapture the public devotion which was his up to the moment he went on his fishing trip? It is my judgment that he can do so. But he must boldly and frankly outline the ends he has in view. Until those ends are made visible by their candid avowal by the President himself (not by the brain trusters) the people will not have sufficient ground upon which to endure the irritations and uncertainties of the new deal. It is not enough to say we are on our way. The President must tell the country where he is trying to go.

Dr. Wirt Becomes A Political Myth

The Book of the Month

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING, *by John Baillie. Scribners, $2.50.*

DO YOU WISH to read a book on immortality which will give a new turn to all your thinking on the subject, change your notion of the history of it, make clear just what Christianity means by it and did to it, and what modern philosophy permits us to say about it?—then read Dr. Baillie's book. We have been waiting a long time for a thorough study of this subject which once occupied so large a place in Christian faith and in Christian preaching. The mood of the times has been unfavorable to its serious consideration. But perhaps a new mood is emerging. At all events Professor Baillie has not allowed his mood to be determined by the spirit of our time, but by his researches into the thought of other times, into the nature of Christianity and the implications of our common experience as moral beings. Most of us ministers are accustomed to the distinction between immortality as a *quality* of life ("This is life eternal—to know Thee, etc.") and as mere *quantitative* continuance of life after death, but the distinction has been for most of us hardly more than a verbal one without real insight. Baillie helps us to see what this distinction means, and while it still presents a problem which taxes our highest intellectual powers, he does at least make even the dullest of us to see men as trees walking. I can well imagine that a reading of this book will add a new dimension to our preaching, for many among us have ceased to preach on the immortal hope, referring to it only at Easter time and at funerals, and then only in terms of a wistful obscurantism. Dr. Baillie's style is a delight. Every chapter and every page is as fascinating as it is enlightening.

A Thought for the Month

SUPPOSE that our present dream of a new social order were realized. Suppose that capitalism were abandoned and that an economic system were established in which private property and profit had given way to a genuine equalitarianism in which the goods and opportunities of life were open on terms of justice to every man. Would there be in such a society any place for religion? Does not religion in working for such an order work itself, so to speak, out of a job? My answer is that such a society will only set religion free to be itself, to function more intensively and over wider areas of human life than are open to it under our present order. No social order possible of attainment in this world will ever outstrip the need of religion. On the contrary, the more humane and just the social order becomes the greater will be its need of religion. Such a social order will rest upon a higher degree of solidarity than we have now. And solidarity can be achieved either coercively, by some form of dictatorship, or voluntarily, by the inherent and willing enthusiasm of the people. Manifestly a solidarity which rests upon force cannot last. The only alternative to dictatorship is the presence of what Professor Hocking calls "a willing, persistent, self-sustaining desire to put oneself at the command of the whole." But such a spirit only religion can permanently provide. As society goes forward to higher levels of justice and righteousness it becomes ever more precarious, more fragile, more sensitive to destructive forces. There is no hope of sustaining such an order except as religion itself becomes more realistic, more powerful, more universal. Besides, if we should awake tomorrow to find our best dreams realized we should awake day after tomorrow to find how inadequate they were and the spirit of God would stir our hearts to dream new dreams of a still better world. On this earth we shall never fully attain our ideals, because Christ is ever far ahead of us and we shall ever have to look to the grace of God to energize our hearts and keep us from despair.

The Everlasting Need of Religion

Charles Clayton Morrison

In the JUNE Number of the Christian Century Pulpit

Sermons by

J. W. G. WARD, First Presbyterian Church, Oak Park, Ill.
"Remove Not the Ancient Landmark"

ABRAHAM J. FELDMAN, Rabbi Temple Beth Israel, Hartford, Conn.
"Singing the Lord's Song"

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, St. James Church, Philadelphia
"The Remembrancer"

J. STANLEY DURKEE, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn
"Old Mills That Have Ceased to Grind"

JOHN A. McAFEE, Westminster Presbyterian Church, Topeka, Kan.
"The Missionary Motive"

JOHN HOWARD MELISH, Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn
"The Vision of God"

—and other sermons

The June Number will include also a Preacher-Problems article; a Pastoral Prayer; the Editor's Page, with its "Event of the Month," "Book of the Month" and "Thought for the Month"; and the unique "Titles and Texts" department.

The JULY issue will be a special number in celebration of the union of the Reformed Church of America and the Evangelical Synod of North America.

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